

The Bled

"Shouting Fire In A Crowded Room"

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We have followed our leaders into the vault of a
burning bank
We raised our children on dead end roads waiting to
death in the summer wind
Looking for answers that I was never meant to find I
swallow my tongue in defeat
Before I drown face down in the street
Waiting for the ambulance to arrive
I saved myself from you gagging to death on these
prayers
My agony is self-inflicted
Burn my body at the stake
My love in effigy
My songs are gasoline in the mouth of a coward
shouting "fire"
I swallow my questions down in fear
Before I know too much of myself trying to explain what
keeps me falling to my knees.
The burden of living proof, I saved myself from you.
In case of a new emergency, I saved myself from you.
When nothing moves in the wake of regret, I saved
myself from you.
I saved myself from the arms of corruption.

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